

Woody Woodger

NOW WONDERING IF YOU REMEMBER THOSE
TOBACCO PICKERS, SOUTHWICK MASS

a plaque crusted moon

to farm under. their baby slung
over her mom's shoulder
like a rifle.

she'd teethe

on her mom's fish hook shirt tag,
her snore

like fresh poppies.

she'd thankfully
sleep by 6. always. we never

met another kid who could do that.

you said she was a gas cap
purring

as she used a whole palm to shake
your fingertip.

they shored
the leaves into hip
baskets.

all these clippings, they said,
to be in
California by

Wednesday.